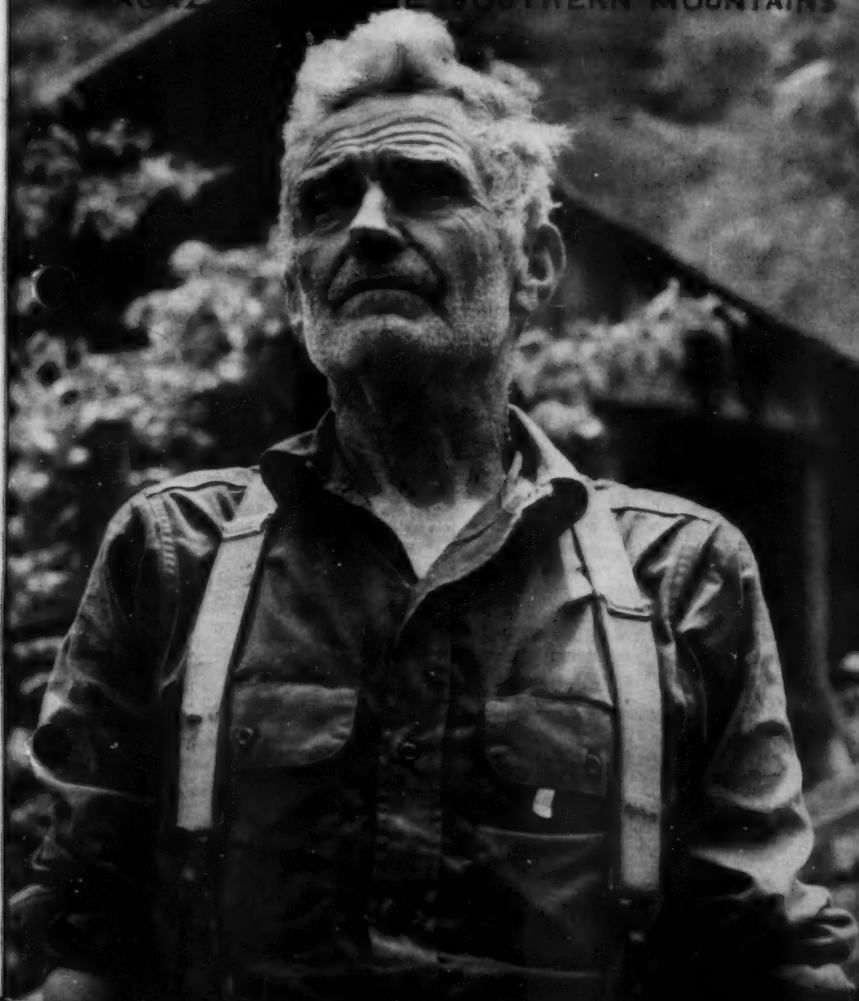




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MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK

MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS



WHAT IS IT?

It is nearly 50 years old;

its members and subscribers number over 2,000;

its staff of full and part-time workers numbers 14;

its headquarters consists of nine offices;

its staff travel totals approximately 100,000 miles per year;

its budget for 1961 is \$63,923 as compared with a 1951 budget of \$1,700;

it operates in 257 mountain counties of the Appalachian South, as well as the large urban centers of the North;

while many people are aware of its accomplishments and its spreading influence, there are many others who do not know exactly what type of organization it is, what its motives are, or by what means it achieves its goals; and there are still others who have never heard of it;

pages 25 to 40 of this issue explain it;

explain what?

The Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc.

MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK
VOL. XXXVII *NO. 2*
SUMMER *1961*

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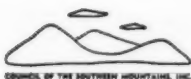
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SUMMER

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Acknowledgments on page 23.

ABOUT THE COVER: Mountain man Floyd Brock, born in 1892 in Bell County in Kentucky, lives on Mud Lick, near Beverly. Floyd is an inveterate storyteller. One Christmas Eve at Red Bird Mission, he kept his young audience spellbound from 8 p.m. until 12:30 a.m.! Floyd gained his tale-telling technique in the course of raising eight children of his own. He has been a farmer and has worked in the "logs woods" getting out timber for the mill. The beautiful photograph was made by Arthur Russell, Assistant to the Superintendent, Red Bird Mission.

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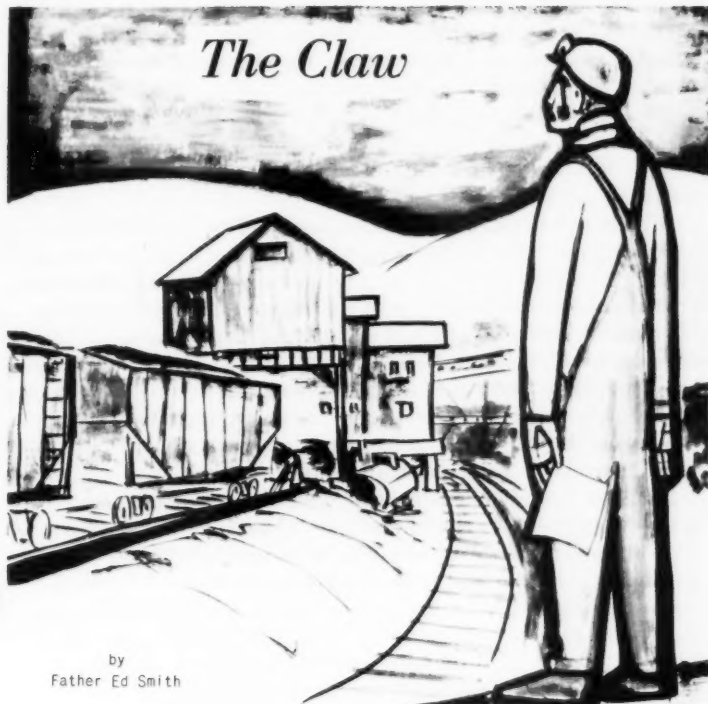
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by
Father Ed Smith

The gaunt, stooped man stood alone against the mountain of slag. A miner's lamp sputtered feebly on his sooty cap; his grimy face and clothes blended with the coal offal. Nervously he twisted a slip of paper in his blackened hands. Slowly he raised it and read it again. Somehow, it was like meeting someone he had known a long time, someone he detested and hated to meet face to face.

"The Mountain Gap Coal Company regrets to inform Jay T. Cooper that as of the above mentioned date there will be no further need for his services. In view of the years of association..."

Arteries of black gold

Bitterly Jay T. Cooper crushed the paper and shuffled up the gravel road towards the row of company-owned houses clinging lichen-like to the mountain side. His mind seethed with futility. Forty-two of his sixty years had been spent underground. For twenty years he had led men to rich seams. How proud Amy had

been the night he brought home his pay raise as Foreman. He, Jay T. Cooper, could stand on a mountain and feel the arteries of black gold like a doctor feels a pulse. He knew coal and nothing but coal.

Months before, when the company had brought in the monster-like claw which could tear thousands of tons of coal from the guts of the earth in a single day, he knew. What did the company care that the maws of this dragon would devour hundreds of families like his own. This is progress!

No chance

Abruptly he turned from the road and took the narrow trail to the mountain top. How could he face Amy? What could he tell her—her dream of putting little Jay through college—what would happen to it? Thank God, the girls were married and off to the cities. It was useless to think of a job in Appalachia or Big Stone Gap. The government called these "permanently distressed areas." What chance would he at sixty have in the big town?

Gasping in the rare air he gained the summit and leaned on a ledge overlooking the valley. Mountain Gap lay at his feet, a miniature village, every house exactly like its neighbor, each with two tiny outhouses, one for the winter coal supply, the other... and again bitterness overwhelmed him. How often had he heard the promise of indoor plumbing? He grunted in disgust. What was it the paper had said: "In view of the years of association he could purchase the house in which he lived for \$500"—and do what? Get a cow, grow a garden, and go on relief until Social Security takes over in five years? Do I sit till I die? He squirmed, thinking of the long line he had seen so often at the relief agency.

Lights were blinking like fireflies in the valley haze when finally he wearily made his way down the mountain. Amy greeted him at the door, her dark eyes warm with sympathy. "You know?" he muttered, miserable that this should happen to his Amy.

The same slips

"The Morgans, D'Rosas and Bonovitches have all got the same slips today," she said quietly. "Come eat before everything gets cold. We'll make out! Don't worry!"

"But what about Jay and college, and...?"

"Hush now! Let's sleep on it first." She led him like a child to the table.

They were sipping their coffee in silence when Jay, Jr. slammed into the house. "Guess what, Mom, Pop, we beat Coeburn 78 to 76. I was high point man! Might help with that scholarship—something wrong?"

His mother broke the news gently, watching her husband.

"Gosh, Pop, we'll do O. K. Don't worry!" the tall high school senior consoled.

Jay T. Cooper put up his \$500 for his house. He listened to the deepening stillness as the Morgans and D'Rosas and others took off one by one. He bought his cow and clumsily learned to milk her. He and Amy spaded the rock hillside and put in a spring garden. He also stood in line for county relief, his face hot with embarrassment. With a lump in his throat he watched Jay, Jr. graduate near the top of his class and go live with his sister Ginny in Knoxville. "I'll get a job, Pop, and with my scholarship I'll make it."

The attacking claw

Once in a while, when time stopped, with his heart a lump within him, Jay T. Cooper would climb to his mountain perch. The valley was very quiet now. The coal tipples still rumbled and belched soot, but the vein was going fast before the attacking claw. The cries of children at play no longer echoed off the peaks. Like himself, the village was dead. Several times he toyed with the idea of ending it all and coldly put it away. He couldn't leave Amy alone.

Once a week he walked the four miles to town for supplies, desperately pinching pennies. What if Amy should get sick and need a doctor or a hospital? He felt panic just thinking of it.

Returning home one such day he saw a sign being erected on the road outside the village:

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See or call: Mountain Gap Mining Company

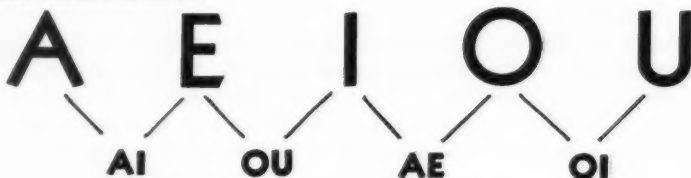
The words of his dismissal notice flashed before his eyes: "In view of the years of association..."

He spat the gall from his throat and slowly moved up the road, a hopeless, gaunt, stooped and broken man. END

REPRINTED FROM THE MAGAZINE, *Glenmary's Challenge*.

Sixteen pages of this issue are devoted to the Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc. Many people have wondered about the make-up of the Council, its structure, its purpose, its accomplishments and its goals. Starting on page 25, an attempt is made to answer all these questions with pictures and text.

MOUNTAIN SPEECH



(VOWELS AND DIPHTHONGS IN MOUNTAIN SPEECH)

by

Dr. Cratis D. Williams

The Scotch-Irish stamp on the speech of the Southern Mountaineers does not account for all of its peculiarities. Certain characteristics are merely archaic forms, surviving from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which were more or less general in colonial America and are not restricted to the mountains today.

The diphthong oi, pronounced as long i by George Washington, retains its eighteenth century sound among illiterate and semilliterate mountain people: bile, hist (hoist), jint, jine, pint (point), quile (coil), rile (roll, royal), spile. Likewise, au preceding n retains its eighteenth century sound: ant (aunt), dancy (dauncy), slanchways (slaunchwise), santer or sanker (saunter), Stanton (Staunton), stanch (staunch), etc., but in a few words au becomes short o instead of short a, as in ponch (paunch). In others au has apparently always been pronounced aw in the highlands: haul, Saul, caught, taught, etc.

Broad a preceding lm is flattened in such words as palm, calm, and salmon, which rhyme with ham and famine, and the vowel a, as elsewhere in the South, is a markedly flattened and nasalized medial diphthong in path, calf, grass, laugh, staff and can't just as it was in seventeenth century English.

The presence of l in a word is likely to lead to the introduction of an added syllable, particularly if l appears next to or near a nasal (m, n, ng). Such words as troubling, tumbling, and fumbling become troubelin, tumelin, and fumelin, whereas elm, film, and realm become ellum, fillum, and reallum. Occasionally, where a nasal is not present, a spurious syllable is inserted, as in atheletics and costly.

Short e preceding or following r in stressed syllables frequently appears as short a just as it did in Chaucer's time. Wrestle becomes wrastle; thresh, thrash; service, sarvice; blear, blare; learn, larn; terrapin, tar'pin; merchant, marchant; spirit, sperit or spar-it. But the mountaineer's tendency to pull vowels toward the middle of his mouth makes it easy for him to say bag, pag, agg, lag, and rackon for beg, peg, egg, leg, and reckon. Git for get, as in Chaucer's time, is not restricted to the mountains, but short e before n is consistently short i in mountain speech: pin (pen), min (men), defind (defend), etc.

Short a, on the other hand, because of the speaker's rigid chin, frequently becomes a diphthong. Saick (sack), paît (pat), faît (fat), almost broken into two syllables, are common pronunciations even among college-trained mountain people. However, in some communities short a becomes short e: thet men (that man), fet hin (fat hen), etc. Long a in mountain speech is generally standard American.

Short i occasionally becomes long e as in machine: obleege, feesh, deesh, and champeeon, but preceding n it often becomes long a as in thång and thänk. In some communities end is pronounced eend. Sometimes, however, long e becomes short i. Scritch owl for screech owl is widespread, and members of the Creech family are accustomed to hearing their name pronounced Critch and, in some communities, Scritch. Crick for creek, as in the fourteenth century, is rarely heard in the mountains, although it is common in the Midwest. Like long a, long e is usually standard, although children of returned migrants may break it into a diphthong when it is followed by i: heel, hiel.

The mountaineer's pronunciation of long i (ice, right, time, etc.) is like that of Southerners generally. Instead of clearly enunciating the two parts of the diphthong (ai), Southerners, including the mountain people, barely make out to complete the first sound. Thus, the Southerner's pronunciation of ice approximates the New Englander's pronunciation of ass (às). But in the mountains one sometimes hears the long i pronounced as short a: strack (strike), rat (right), lack (like), etc.

Long o and short o in mountain speech are both usually standard American. Breaking long o into the diphthong ao (nāote, knāow, etc.), though found occasionally in Piedmont communities and common in rural New England, is rare in the highlands. Short o, even in words like frog, bog, hog, and fog, prevails in mountain speech, although dawg, awffice, awrange (orange), and Flawerdy (Florida) are common. Ô as in nôth is also standard American pronunciation

in the mountains, with little tendency either to shorten the sound as in pot, lengthen it as in home, or broaden it to aw as other Southerners are inclined to do.

Long u is generally standard in the highlands. Except when it follows l, r, and s or z, long u is almost always sounded yu: dew, news, rebuke, mule, juice, puny, etc. Following l, r, and s or z, however, it is pronounced like oo in spool: Lucy, rule, suit, assume. But short u has a distinctly mountain flavor. Because of the highlander's habit of thrusting his chin forward rigidly, the sound is dragged out: cu-u-up, lo-o-ove, bu-u-uter, mo-o-other, etc. Although shut and touch were shet and tetch in the time of Chaucer, the mountain man's use of the fourteenth century pronunciations may well be a lazy way out, particularly since his past tense of shet is sometimes shot.

Cuore, puore, and shore may result from the highlander's unwillingness to bring his chin into action. Coupled with his fondness for r, his penchant for pulling front vowels to a medial position produces such pronunciations as chur (chair), clur (clear), zur (ear, year), shurz (shears), skvurse (scarce), rurther (rather), whur (where), whurther (whether), and trusspass (trespass). Pulling front vowels to the rear of the mouth is accomplished in kyärn (car-rion) and kyard (coward).

In mountain speech the sound of long u represented by oo is singularly pure. There is never that tendency to break the sound into a diphthong which one finds in and around New York City, for example. Such words as school, spool, spoon, moon, hoot, root, scoot, and whoop retain pure vowels. The sound of u represented by oo in foot is consistent in most words, such as hoop, coop, look, book, crook, but in others the mountaineer uses either short u, as put, tuck (took), shuck (shook) or long o, as in pore (poor).

As in the days of Chaucer, uneducated mountain people form the plurals of certain nouns by adding es (but pronounced uz instead of is or iz as in Chaucer's time). This is particularly the case with words ending in palatal and dental clusters which include s: hasp, haspes; wasp, waspes or waspers; task, taskes; fist, fistes; wrist, wristes; host, hostes; post, postes. Sometimes double plural endings may be heard of such words as snake, sack, wrap: snakeses, sackses, wropses. Verbs in third person singular also retain the ancient syllabic ending common in Old and Middle English: ask, askes or astes (sometimes Middle English ax, axes); clasp, claspes; roast, roastes; hoist, hoistes (hist, histes).

Another ancient syllable appears in certain past participle forms used as adjectives in such colorful expressions as crookedy

stick, stripedy candy, raggedy britches, baggedy dress, and streak-edy day (alternating between sunshine and showers). For emphasis the mountain man frequently employs Shakespeare's dramatic device of the double superlative ending: the knowinesest man, (a know-it-all), the sassinesest youngen (talking back to his elders), the doin-esest womern (most industrious woman).

One of the distinguishing features of mountain speech is the substitution of the short i sound for schwa at the end of words. Natives of the Big Sandy Valley in Kentucky and West Virginia speak of going to Louisy (Louisa) and mountain folk near Asheville, North Carolina, aspire to work for Inky (Enka). But natives of the mountains of "Fuginny" and "Car'liny" who have become hyperurban like to tell old friends about "Miama" and "Cincinnati" when they return for summertime visits with hill-bound Cousin Lilla, who marvels at how much little Annie and Julie have grown since they moved to the big city. END

This is the second of a continuing series of articles on the technical aspects of mountain speech.

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ECONOMICS

ACTION PROGRAM

FOR MOUNTAIN COUNTIES

by

J. Allan Smith

HEAD OF THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC RELATIONS
AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENT STATION AND
EXTENSION SERVICE, UNIV. OF KENTUCKY

A new kind of endeavor by the University of Kentucky, known as the Eastern Kentucky Resource Development Project, to be undertaken in 30 Kentucky counties, got under way at the beginning of 1961 with the employment of the first ten professional workers, including a project leader. Headquarters for the project will be at the Robinson Agricultural Experiment Substation at Quicksand, where ground was broken by Governor Bert Combs in December 1960 for an office building to house the staff of workers.

This new project, announced in April 1960, has aroused much speculation in eastern Kentucky and throughout the state as to its exact purposes and methods. Much of the comment has been favorable; a considerable amount has been unfavorable—and both the favorable and unfavorable comments have in large measure grown out of incomplete or inexact knowledge of the nature of the project.

The purpose of the project, as announced by Dean Frank J. Welch of the University of Kentucky College of Agriculture and Home Economics, is to aid the people of the 30-county area in improving their economic, institutional and social conditions. Though under the immediate supervision of the Kentucky Cooperative Extension Service, of which Dean Welch is director, the project is sponsored by and serviced by the entire University. Whatever resources of special information and ability the University staff possesses may be drawn upon for consultation and advice in the project.

The need for a project of this kind came about, Dean Welch has pointed out, from the fact that this 30-county area of Kentucky, along with similar areas in other states of the Appalachian region and also in certain other parts of the country, have become "disadvantaged areas." They are at a disadvantage economically in comparison with the rest of the nation mainly because of four things: (1) they have very little good agricultural land; (2) their forests

have been heavily cut and have not generally recovered; (3) though some of the counties have large resources of coal, yet the mechanization of mining and other factors have caused heavy unemployment in the coal fields; and (4) they have a heavy population in proportion to developed resources. As a result, economic and institutional development has largely by-passed this area. The problem is to reverse the trend, find and develop new opportunities, start a new cycle of economic and institutional growth. Within the area many people are already working toward these ends, and efforts of other agencies and programs are directed toward the problem. It is hoped that the new project will fit into these efforts in a constructive way and will fill a need not hitherto met.

WHENCE CAME THE PROJECT?

Though the University of Kentucky has long been interested in this area as well as in all other areas of the state, though the Cooperative Extension Service of the University and the U. S. Department of Agriculture has had workers in all the counties for fully a generation, though the Agricultural Experiment Station has conducted numerous special studies in the area, and though the establishment of the Robinson Substation of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Quicksand was in itself a recognition of the special needs of the area—yet, in spite of all these activities of the University in eastern Kentucky, the specific origins of the Resource Development Project lie in the efforts of the people of the area themselves.

It was in 1959 that business, professional and agricultural leaders in twenty-two of the 30 counties now included in the project organized a committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Phil Smith, a banker of Jackson, Kentucky, to explore the possibilities of developing a new kind of service centering around the Robinson Substation at Quicksand, near Jackson, in Breathitt County. In response to this effort, the Agricultural Experiment Station and the Cooperative Extension Service formed a counterpart committee to meet with the citizens' committee and explore the prospects for revamping the Robinson Substation program. Several meetings were held by these committees, both separately and together, and it soon became evident that the program envisaged would be, if it came to fruition, a combination of research and extension activities centering on improvement of the agriculture of the area.

Agriculture in eastern Kentucky, however, even if developed to the maximum possible in the light of present knowledge and techniques, was recognized by the professional agriculturists on the University committee as offering promise of only a very minor contribution to the needed economic improvement of the area. There

simply is not enough good agricultural land in east Kentucky for a profitable agricultural economy. It was recognized that if general improvement is to be made in the economic and institutional conditions of the area it must perforce arise mainly from resources other than the purely agricultural.

It was at this juncture in the thinking of the planning committees that Dean Frank Welch struck a bold and inspired note during a meeting of the agricultural advisory council of the W. K. Kellogg Foundation, of which council Dean Welch is a member. In a discussion of the problems of depressed areas in general, Dean Welch advanced the suggestion that if the University had certain resources of "risk capital," of non-public funds which might be risked in an untried venture, it might perhaps be possible to gain a breakthrough of the tough problems confronting the people of such areas as Eastern Kentucky. Agricultural Extension over the country as a whole had amply demonstrated the effectiveness of an educational approach in advancing the economy of agriculturally adapted areas. A new technic of cooperation among all interested agencies and groups had been demonstrated by the Rural Development Program, of which Kentucky had three promising pilot areas. Much was known about the problems, the resources, the people of Eastern Kentucky as a result of research and surveys by the University and others over a period of many years. What might work, Dean Welch said, was an approach in which the techniques of agricultural extension could be applied across the board to the whole range of resources and prospective opportunities of such an area. But to launch such a program the University of Kentucky, or any other university, would need special funds.

In such an approach President Emory W. Morris of the W. K. Kellogg Foundation evidenced an immediate interest. Dean Welch was encouraged to proceed with the development of a project plan for proposal to the Kellogg Foundation Board.

Dean Welch returned home, consulted with his agricultural staff, with University President Frank G. Dickey, with Governor Bert Combs and Lieutenant Governor Wilson Wyatt, and, in due course, presented to the Kellogg Foundation a plan for a special project which he called the Appalachian Resource Development Project. It was accepted by the Foundation, with financial contribution to start January 1, 1961. Later, to avoid confusion as to the scope of the work, the name was changed to the Eastern Kentucky Resource Development Project.

WHAT THE PROJECT IS

The essential feature of the project is a team of "specialists,"

selected for exceptional proficiency, training, and dedication to the area, to plan programs and work with organizations, businesses, civic and other leaders and individuals of the area in such fields as industrial location and development; community improvement and planning; career guidance and job placement; management of soil, water and crops; production of meat, milk and poultry; horticulture; forest management and utilization; marketing and transportation. The program is therefore a multiple-resource development activity.

At first it was planned that there would be ten specialists, but the original plan has now been expanded to include in addition a home economist, a medical specialist to work in connection with problems of community health, and a specialist in community relations.

For director or project leader the University has chosen R. Keith Kelly, who for the past three years has been a district leader of the Cooperative Extension Service in Southeast Kentucky. He is a hard and enthusiastic worker, with proven ability to work well in an administrative capacity with people.

To date positions have been filled in the following categories: Industrial Location and Development, Commercial Poultry and Eggs, Forestry Consultant, Soil, Water and Crop Management, Marketing, Management and Transportation, Animal Husbandry, Community Development, Adult Career Guidance, Community Contacts, Horticultural Enterprises, and Youth.

Financial support of the project will be partly by the Kellogg Foundation, partly by the University from its regular budget, and partly by direct appropriation from the Commonwealth of Kentucky. For example, the state government is supplying funds to construct the headquarters building on the Robinson Substation. Kellogg Foundation during the first two years is paying the salaries of all the specialists. Beginning with the third year, the University will take over the salary support of one specialist each year, and at the close of the seventh year will assume full support of the project. The Kellogg Foundation, during the seven years in which it is involved, will put into the project a total of \$754,000. The University's financial contribution will be greater still.

The team of specialists is expected to provide a "package of technical and organizational skills" not hitherto available, selected and pointed toward the most likely opportunities for resource development and institutional changes in the area. It is expected that the team, by searching out and working on the "pockets of opportunity" within the area, and by working in full cooperation with existing organizations and agencies, may be able to guide the whole bloc of available governmental services (the efforts of which in this

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area have so far been relatively ineffectual) in the direction of a positive solution. When the pockets of opportunity are located, the team proposes to bring to bear specialized aid of the highest and best type, to develop areas of concentrated economic or social progress.

The program, which is now of course only at its threshold, is conceived of as an "action-oriented program." At the same time, as it is a University program, it cannot be anything other than an educational program. It is, or will be, education in action, directed specifically and immediately toward those persons or groups who want to work with the project, to take advantage of or develop the opportunities uncovered.

Inevitably such a program is a long-time program. Progress is unlikely to be spectacular. When progress comes, it may well appear, at least on the surface, to have resulted from efforts of the people to help themselves. Progress of this kind will be the most healthy, the soundest, the kind to be desired. It will be the province of the project specialists to find opportunities, to bring those to the attention of interested persons or groups, to advise and encourage, to put the interested persons or groups in touch with available sources of finances or needed skills either within or outside the area. It will also be the province of the specialist team to discourage those who, through misguided enthusiasm, may propose to set out upon unsound endeavors doomed to failure.

WHAT THE PROJECT IS NOT

In this connection it may be well to point out some things the project cannot do, or is not designed to do. Being an educational program it cannot, for example, build a factory, construct a dam, start a vocational school, set up a career-guidance clinic. One editor of the area, shortly after the project was announced, wrote Dean Welch to the effect that the money might better be expended by the University in starting a factory to give direct employment to people. Though the project cannot do this, it can guide and encourage others to start factories, or develop other opportunities, on a sound basis.

The project will not be a cure-all. It will not bring to Eastern Kentucky a magic cure for the economic or other ills that beset the region. The secret to success will be the cooperation of the people, their determination to get something done, and the way they draw upon the new specialists and other sources for counsel.

Still another point to be kept clear is that the University, in undertaking this new project, different from any other project ever undertaken by it, is not trying to supplant or replace any other

agency or department or organization working in Eastern Kentucky. Instead, it is trying to fill a gap not met by any of the others. It hopes to work with all, bolstering their work, encouraging the people to make use of all the services available to them, from whatever source.

"By working together," says Dean Welch, "with imagination and initiative and energy, perhaps the economic trend working against Eastern Kentucky over the past generation can at least be reversed, and a new climate of opportunity can be developed." END



Old Watering Trough

by J. Marshall Porter

*They were the fueling stations long ago,
These troughs to quench the thirst of weary teams
That strained at wagon loads, with paces slow,
And paused to drink where gurgling mountain streams
Ran through a spout to trough that overflowed
And spilled to moisten roots of mint and grass
That breathed its fragrance o'er the rutted road
To lift the hearts of travelers as they passed.*

*Here, under these old leaning beech and oak,
The teams and drivers languished in the shade.
They heard the clatter of the oxen yoke,
And screech of wagon brakes on heavy grade.
Now when I see these crumbling troughs I think
Of rutted roads beneath these new highways;
And times when teams and drivers stopped to drink
From these reminders of the calmer days.*

A Talk at Splash Dam



by Sydney Lawson

Ruff was dead. Just a moment ago he had seen Jeff coming from the garden with a can of worms and he knew that meant fishing. With excited barking he came leaping around the end of the porch, charged through the gate, and into the road with eyes, ears and heart straining toward the boy. He neither saw nor heard the car as it came around the curve of the narrow dirt road. The driver nearly went off into the ditch as he tried to avoid the dog, but the fender grazed the side of Ruff's head. Jeff ran frantically to his dog. Ruff raised his head while his tail wagged a feeble greeting. As Jeff knelt by his side the body went limp, and the dog died.

Jeff got a shovel and dug a grave under the dogwood tree back of the house. As he worked the sun shone warm on the new grass and wild flowers, and on the mound of yellow dirt. He neither saw the sunshine nor felt the warm spring wind blowing through the trees.

Afterwards, Jeff went slowly to the road and got the can of worms. He hadn't remembered setting it down, but there it was at the garden fence. His mother watched him anxiously from the doorway as he went for his fishing pole leaning in the chimney corner, and came back around the end of the porch.

"Where you goin', son?" she asked.

"Up to Splash Dam."

"Ort you to go, Jeff?"

"That's where I's fixin' to go when Ruff came runnin' to meet

XUM

me. I'd been diggin' worms in the garden. He was goin' with me, Ma, that's why he run so fast, he wanted to go with me."

The boy swallowed desperately to keep from crying. Neither he nor his people showed their emotions easily.

His mother watched him go out the gate and up the road, pausing for a moment as if he were going to whistle for his dog. Then she saw him scrub his sleeve across his face.

After he passed through the small rural community of Laurel Fork a footpath branched off from the main road, and he followed the path, which wound in lazy loops, and turned as the creek turned.

The old dam had been built by the owner of the sawmill, to handle the timber cut at the head of the creek. When the trees were cut into logs, they were dumped in the water of the dam. When the lake was full of logs the sluice gate was opened and the water rushed out, swiftly carrying the logs downstream to the landing at the mill. Many times Jeff had heard his father tell of the danger and excitement of riding the logs downstream to keep them from floating crosswise and forming jams. His father had said that many times, as he rode the logs, the water in the creekbed would be forty feet high. As he walked along Jeff looked at the quiet water trickling over the stones, and he couldn't imagine that much water ever being in this little creek.

As he came within hearing distance of the water spilling over the dam he was conscious of one thing—the absence of his dog. As he drew nearer he could see how old and rotten the logs were. For twenty years they had lain there holding back the water. True, the water spilled through in many places, and the level was low, still the pool was deep enough to contain fish, and it made an excellent place to swim. Just yesterday his father had caught a large trout here.

But the joy had gone out of the day for him, and he baited the hook and cast into the water in a mechanical way. He sank down on a moss-covered rock, and sat a long time without moving. The fish were biting, but he caught none. He never felt the gentle tug on the line as a fish nibbled at the bait, and soon his empty hook dangled in the water.

The man on the hillside saw the boy sitting there, and wondered. He knew the boy very well, and it was unusual to see him sitting so still.

"Maybe he's gone to sleep," the man muttered. "That could be dangerous. Suppose he'd fall into the water sudden like? I'd better git down thar and see what's wrong."

"By crackies, boy!" he called out. "I couldn't tell if you's boy

er stump, you's sittin' so still."

Jeff whirled around to see his grandfather standing in the path with his hunting rifle across his shoulder. Resentment flared in the boy's face as he told himself, "What's he doin' here? Bet Ma sent him. Thought I's cryin' er somethin'."

"I bin squirrel huntin', boy, nothin' like squirrel huntin'. Beats fishin' all to pieces, I say," this with a sidewise glance at the fish-line in the water.

Jeff smiled a wan little smile at his grandfather. "Come set down, gran'pap," he said. He moved over on the rock to make room for the old man.

They sat for a few moments in silence, then the boy spoke.

"Did you ever have a dog you loved better'n anything, gran'pap?"

The man looked keenly at the boy and guessed something had happened to his dog.

"Well now son, let me think. Yes...they was one dog I liked thataway. It's been a long time, but I recollect him plain as plain can be. His name was Jack. He was a bad 'un, Pap said, but I allus told Pap he had good reason to be that way. To begin with he was the runt of the litter, and was allus gettin' pushed around. They was a family lived up the road from us, Uncle George and Aunt Viney Hopkins. Well, Aunt Viney had a pet pig. When Jack was jist a pup that pig would come down thar and jump on him, jist shake the life out of him. When he got a little bigger, they weren't nothin' done that to him again.

"George Hopkins had a big wild male hog that'd weigh about two hundred pounds. Had him in a field with his other hogs, but he couldn't git close enough to ketch him. The hog rooted out a hole under the side of a cliff in the field and he'd jist lay right thar. Uncle George told Pap one evenin' to come up the next mornin' and help him ketch it and put it in a pen. Well, Pap went, and I went up thar with him. Jack followed us. He was jist a pup then, gettin' about a year old, I guess. Uncle George went up on the hill and jumped the hogs out and put his dogs atter them. We never thought about the pup tryin' to do anything. They ran the hog down—and they's a barn door open—well, that hog jist spouted right in the barn to git away from the dogs. Uncle George's dogs stopped at the door. That pup walked right in thar and got that hog by the year. The hog split a place on Jack's shoulder clear to the bone—you could see the bone—but that dog never even whimpered, and they had to take him loose from the hog. Atter that I loved that dog."

"What kind of dog was he, gran'pap?"

"A hound. Jist a old hound dog, but he was some dog, let me tell you. He weren't feared of nothin'.

"Pap would take three and four year old steers and break them for work cattle. Back them days people used cattle for loggin', plowin', and waggonin'. When he'd get ready to break a yoke of cattle he'd take that dog to ketch them. If they had horns and Pap said 'ketch it, Jack' he would jump and ketch it by the horns. An' when he got a hold of somethin' that meant you could git ready to tie it, fer it was goin' nowhere. If the steer didn't have horns, he'd git it by the year and hold it jist the same.

"But that dog didn't love nobody, seemed like. I tried to make friends with him, but I never could git real close to him. Seemed I loved him more because he was so proud and independent."

The old man was silent for a moment, as if lost in memories of the dog he had loved. The boy broke the growing silence.

"What happened to him, gran'pap? Didn't he ever make friends with you?"

"Not what you could call real friends like. He got to where he would take a piece of bread from my hand and would let me pet him a little, but he would never run and play with me. Oh son, I loved that dog like I ain't never loved another'n in all my seventy-two years. It seemed to me he was a dog against the world and the world was against him.

"One day Pap was huntin' with him up the head of the creek. The dog started sniffin' along like he was trailin' somethin'. Pap said go git it Jack, an' Jack took off. Purty soon Pap heard a hog a squealin' and went runnin'. The dog had a big shoat down, with the throat about tore out. Pap killed the hog—turned the gun and shot Jack.

"Was a time on top of a time before I fergive Pap fer doin' that. I felt it was Pap's fault. He knowed if he told Jack to go git it, he would, no matter if it was cow, horse, bear, er hog.

"Pap said he wasn't thinkin' it was a hog Jack was trailin', he thought it was some kind of game.

"I went and got Jack and buried him on the side of a little hill under the spreadin' branches of a dogwood tree."

Jeff looked quickly at his grandfather, but said nothing.

"Now son, I've told you about my dog, you tell me about yourn."

"How'd you know there was anything to tell, gran'pap?"

"I seen the look in your eyes, son. Only one thing brings that look, to lose something you love. I knowed if something had happened to your Ma er Pa, someone would have bin atter me, so it

had to be your dog."

As they sat there talking the sunshine slanted up the hill, and deep shadows began to gather in the trees. The water rippled and sang as it flowed over the rocks. And the boy told his grandfather what had happened that day.

When he had finished, without a word they rose and walked down the road home. The boy felt a close kinship with his grandfather. Hadn't they both loved and lost a dog? END

IN APPRECIATION

In the Fall-'59 issue we paid tribute to the major pharmaceutical companies which, up to that time, had contributed over 150,000 vitamin capsules and other preparations for distribution by the Council of the Southern Mountains. Since then, over \$50,000.00 worth of such supplies have been received by the Council (more details on page 28). These companies have the gratitude of the many who have benefited. and of the Council for the opportunity to be of service.

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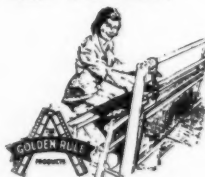
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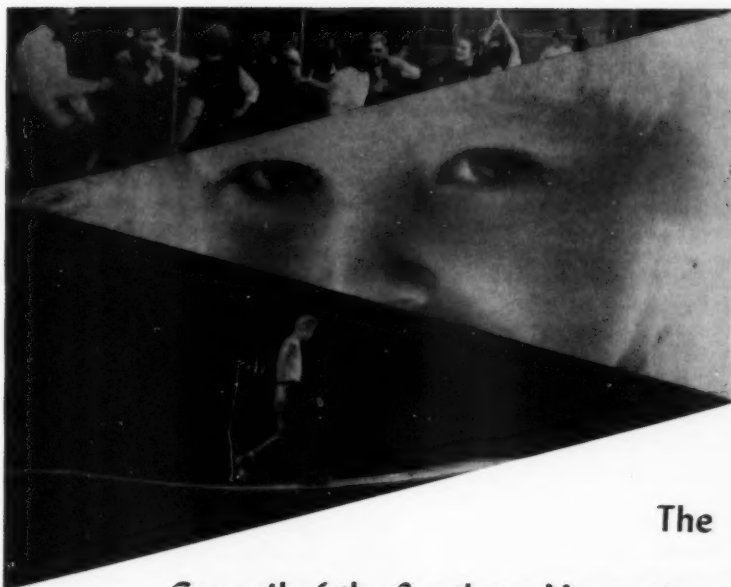
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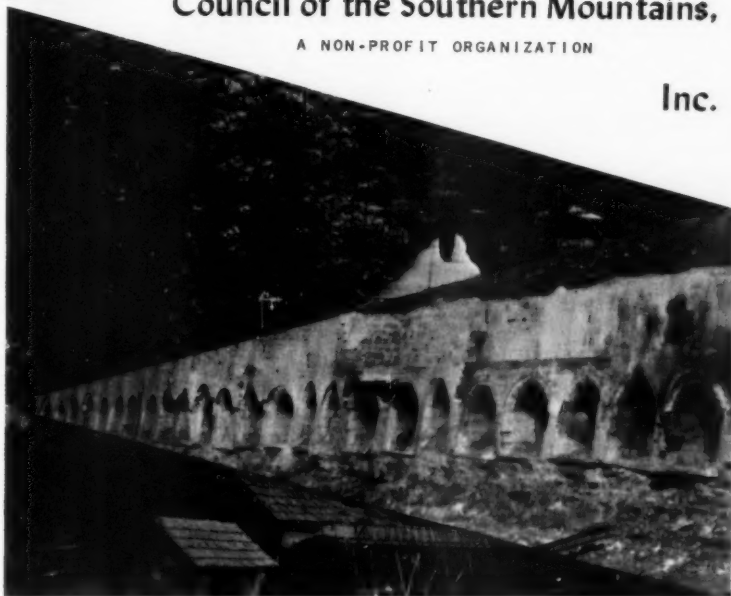
HEDDLES

Office and Showroom
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The
Council of the Southern Mountains,
A NON-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

Inc.



Over 6,000,000 people live in an area encompassing 257 mountain counties in 9 states of the Appalachian South. A staggering number of these people live with problems of unemployment, undernourishment, inadequate clothing, health deficiencies, sub-standard housing conditions, and an attendant loss of morale.

Per capita income levels in this Region are well below those of the U.S. as a whole and, generally, below those of the states in which the Region lies. Estimates of 1960 incomes in the Region indicate that only in the primarily urban counties containing about a quarter of the area's population do per capita incomes rise above \$1,400 per year compared to a nationwide figure of about \$1,700. A 1952 Index indicates 94 mountain counties where Farm Family Level-of-Living is more than 50% below the national average; many counties showing a per capita income of less than \$500 annually.

The Council's relationship to this vast area is one of promoting volunteer coordination of the efforts of organizations, institutions and individuals, both within and outside the Appalachian South; a service of administration, information and distribution.

FOR INSTANCE...

Through the Council, the Sigma Phi Gamma Sorority financially assists over 36 schools and institutions in the mountains. For administrative aid it turns to the Council which, through long experience, is able to designate those places where the greatest need exists among mountain children.

This cooperative effort between Council and sorority has resulted in hot lunch programs, examinations and inoculations, antivenin for snakebite, dental work, clothing, shoes, tonsillectomies, Christmas treats, milk programs, seeds and fertilizer; making a continuing and vital contribution to the welfare of many who would otherwise suffer from serious handicaps.



O

Mountains speak to the soul of man, not as a gale but as a whisper. To hear it one must stop, be very still, and want to hear...then, having heard, be doomed to hear it forever.

New highways slash through tranquil eddies of yesterday's obscurity, bringing the new and taking away the old.

The Save-the-Children Federation, with used clothing outlets throughout the Region, was interested in an evaluation of the effectiveness of its program. It called upon the Council to conduct a survey. The Council, in turn, contacted key personnel who were given questionnaires to use in representative clothing centers. In a brief time the survey was completed at a nominal cost to the Federation. As a non-profit service organization in the region, the Council was able to provide such help at cost.



Over the years, the Council has amassed extensive data on all facets of mountain living. Statistics, reports, correspondence, as well as its specialized library, provide a literal cross-section of the developmental history of the mountain area.

In addition to what it has collected in its files, the Council also publishes, in its quarterly magazine, *MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK*, folktales and mountain poetry, songs, and other traditional materials, as well as surveys and studies on education, attitudes and health. These surveys include those sponsored and financed by the Council, as well as others.

As an agency of information, the Council has been frequently called upon to supply specific data which, in many instances, are available from no other source.



From Mount Mitchell, the Unaka range, the Cumberlands and up through New River Valley, across the miles of peaks to stoic Black Mountain—on all these ancient heights verdant tracery appears anew each year through the sleeping umber.



The Council has distributed thousands of dollars worth of multi-vitamin preparations, toothpaste, cold and cough medicine, diaper rash protective cream, as well as a wide variety of the latest in medicative preparations which are provided only under the authorization of a physician. The Council is able to extend this vital help to the area through the generosity of major pharmaceutical firms which send large shipments to the Council offices for this purpose.

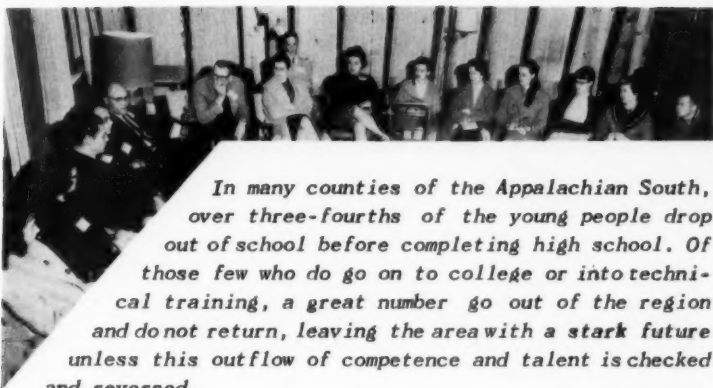
Through the efforts of its members both in and outside the Region, the Council receives shoes from manufacturers and is able to provide distribution through its volunteer workers in the areas of greatest need.

The Council provides a limited number of nursing scholarships as another of its contributions toward improving health in the Appalachian South.

It provides, on a loan basis, two excellent 16mm color films: one on menstrual hygiene and one on planned parenthood.

O

Northward away from Tusquitee, the peaks reach higher and higher and warm themselves slowly in ripe, green-gold afternoons through August until, brimmed over with torpor, they explode in color. Luminous and enchanted, range after range, they lure all with their leaf-crisp laughter.



In many counties of the Appalachian South, over three-fourths of the young people drop out of school before completing high school. Of those few who do go on to college or into technical training, a great number go out of the region and do not return, leaving the area with a stark future unless this outflow of competence and talent is checked and reversed.

The emphasis of the Council's work with youth is on the need for young people with knowledge, technique and skills, and on the opportunities which service to an underdeveloped region offers.

The Council plans youth meetings as part of the Annual Conferences, brings in specialized leaders in fields of particular interest to youth, and even provides scholarships to enable outstanding young people to attend the conferences.

The Youth Committee sponsors annual workshops which stress the problems and opportunities of the region, and the ideals of service to society, whether in or outside of the area. The Council continually emphasizes the need for education. In fact, youth groups are sponsored on college and secondary school campuses, Council staff members working with them in arranging for authorities in various fields to help in group discussions.

In these ways, through the Council, young people of the Southern Mountains are informed of the needs of their home territory, and of ways in which they can help in filling these needs.

Finally, ashamed of splendor, the valleys settle down to meditation and prepare to be oblivious to winter's storms. Rebirth, blossoming, decline and rest; the mountains sing their ballads to the sky.



For years the Council has cooperated effectively with folklore collectors and researchers throughout the area, as well as many from elsewhere, in the preservation and appreciation, and even in a revival in current use, of the music, stories, and cultural patterns of the mountains.

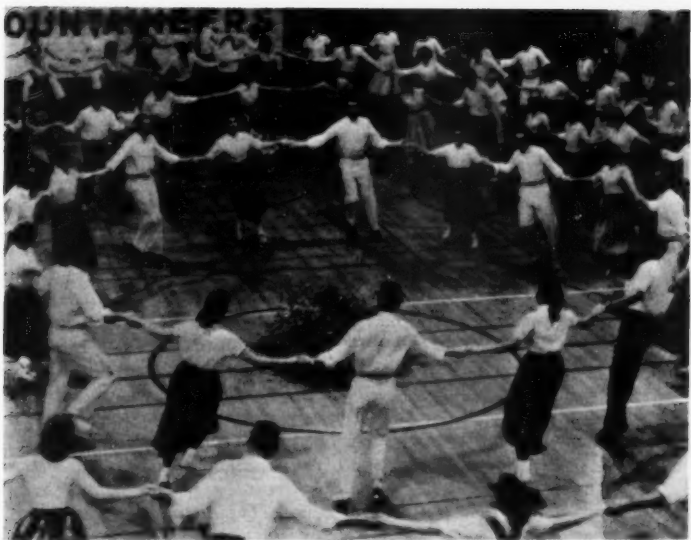


Much of this folklore is documented in the Council's quarterly magazine *MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK* and in other Council publications. Folk games, songs, and dances are preserved through use by many qualified leaders, including specialists employed by the Council for this purpose. Folk festivals and folk dance groups under many auspices are encouraged and often co-sponsored by the Council. Teachers and other leaders who attend the annual conferences of the Council are reoriented to the value of certain folklore and mountain traditions.



O

From primordial time, the iron and coal, the zinc and slate and limestone, the asbestos, mica, emery, granite, and over all of it the forests. And man. For two hundred years the mountains' mother lode of timber has been used and abused. The forests have been loved, championed, ignored, taken for granted, stripped.



O

The shoulders of the mountains have been gouged and flung into the valleys; the streams, black with the offal from the pillaged cores of the mountains, ink their shame upon the land. From seasons, growth; from growth, minerals; from minerals, greed; from greed, destruction; from destruction, poverty.



The Community Development Counselor works with communities in the Appalachian South to help in bringing about a greater utilization of the region's potential.

His services are available, at no cost, to any community interested in working for greater opportunities which a broader economic base will provide.

He is prepared to consult with communities on the following bases:

- ✓ *To help them make inventories and evaluations of their own natural, human, and economic resources;*
- ✓ *to aid them in planning and organizing a total and continuing developmental program based on these inventories and involving all resources which can help broaden the economic base of the community;*
- ✓ *to assist communities in the preparation of publicity material if the development program indicates a need for such action;*
- ✓ *to help communities avail themselves of technical and professional services of federal, state and private agencies for which the inventories indicate a need;*
- ✓ *to help to create, through community organization, a closer relationship between town and rural people.*

○

In the mountains there is a wish to know and yet a fear to know what progress teaches. The folk are trusting. They listen when you come with missions, clinics, meetings and new songs. Radios bring new voices. But the question in their hearts is this: "What part of our lives should we keep reserved and hidden; how much of the new can we believe in?"

The Council program of workshops in community development is producing tangible results in areas where they have been held.

By providing expert professional personnel, the Council has succeeded in stimulating community awareness of the problems and of the available resources and methods which will be helpful in seeking solutions.

The workshops emphasize the importance of a trained leadership which can involve the whole community and, unso doing, lay the foundation for a sound community organization, capable of planning and carrying out projects for economic and social improvement.

The workshops prepare people to use what they have as well as to use the assistance available from federal, state and private agencies.

By pointing out the need for such workshops and appropriate follow-up sessions, the Community Development Counselor is able to provide the initial impetus to communities where there is potential without direction for its best use.

Through the co-sponsorship of interested organizations, honoraria and expenses for teaching personnel are provided, as well as scholarships for individual participants to assure the attendance of those most qualified to apply such training for the benefit of the entire community.



And this, too, the heart ponders: "Even as we accept your knowledge, we know that what we truly want is to GIVE. Can't those in the outer world find something in us to admire? The virtue of the mountains is our virtue. We, too, are quiet, patient, strong, and filled with faith. Look to us for something of beauty, of value, and pray God that you find it."

In some of the states within the Council's definition of the Appalachian South there is a functional illiteracy rating of over 20%.

A high drop-out rate is one of the contributing factors. In Kentucky, for instance, of the 57,960 pupils enrolled in the first grade in 1944-45, only 11 plus per cent graduated in 1956! This figure is somewhat influenced by those who left the state during their school years, and others whose schooling may have been interrupted and completed at a later time.

In Tennessee, of 51,530 who enrolled in the first grade in 1944-45, only 31,664 pupils completed the fifth grade!

Consequently, there are many adults in the Appalachian South (as well as migrants from this region in urban centers of the North) who have remained at a 3rd or 4th grade reading level.



To help combat the situation, the Council has conducted workshops aimed at teaching adults the difficult technique of rewriting adult literature so that it can be read by a person with a 4th grade reading level.

The Council's Communicators Guild, composed of those who have attended its workshops, is a nucleus of writers whose efforts contribute to a growing library of easy-to-read adult material which the Council distributes free of charge.

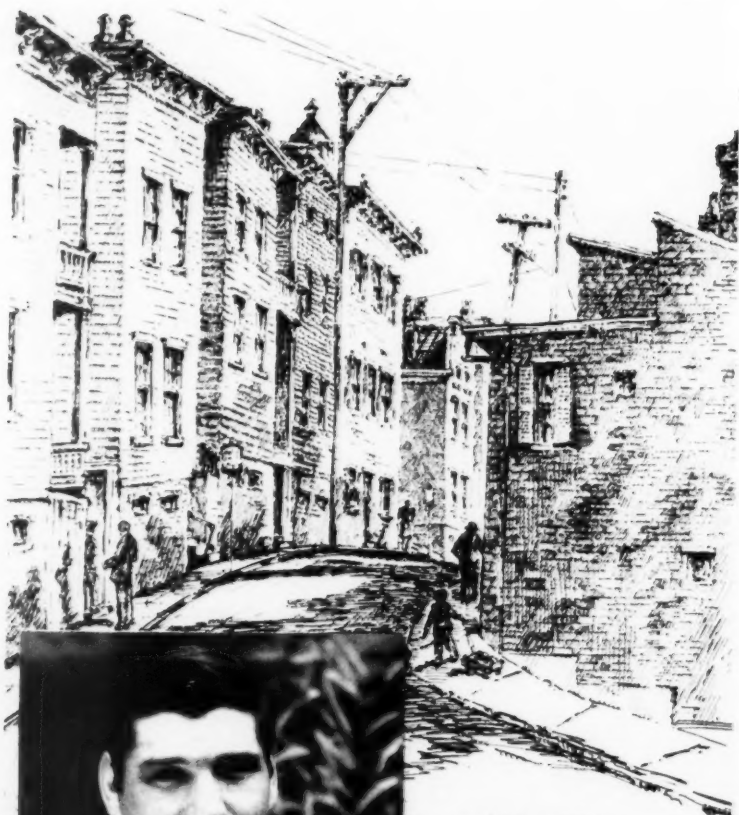
There are many organizations dedicated to helping this nation's ten million functional illiterates. The Council's main concern is with those of the Appalachian South whose low reading level might mean the difference between employment and unemployment whether they remain in their homeland or migrate to large urban centers in search of a better life.

The Council's goal is the publication of simply-written materials covering all urban problems common to newly-arrived migrants, as well as topics helpful to those who choose to remain in the mountains.

There is a song the singers know. It tells of a son away from home. It tells of those who remember and wait. Waiting is a way of life. There is play, and there is learning, suffering, singing and crying, but always there is waiting. Even the houses wait.



In any valley you can find a house with no one to live in it, melancholy with dark-remembered touches of faded laughter, bitter songs and the lonely strain of footsteps now silent. With blind eyes the cabin stares at the tragic, echo-laden mountains while nature moves with strangling fingers back to claim her own.

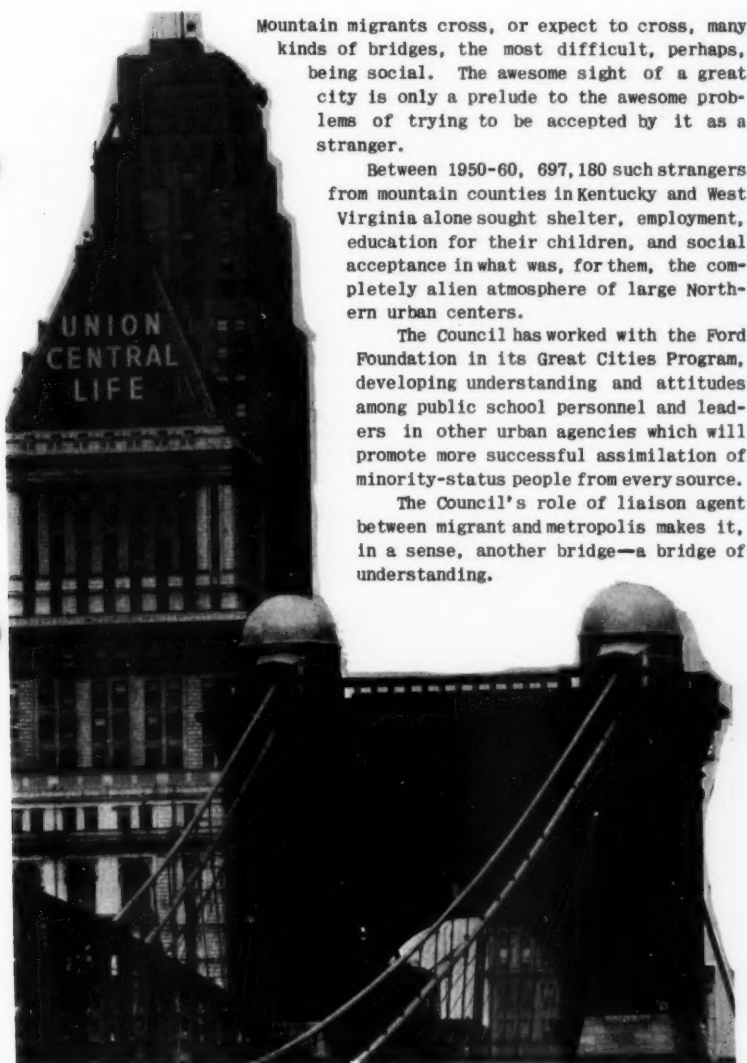


WOULD THIS MOUNTAIN MAN TAKE TO THE CITY?
WOULD THE CITY TAKE TO HIM?

**FROM THE
FREEDOM OF THE
MOUNTAINS
TO THE
HURLY-BURLY
CITY**

C. Williams

Some go when they do not wish to go, but others stay. Even when hungry they stay because they have a greater hunger; hunger for home, for old, familiar scenes, for peace, for the known and the understood, the ties of kith and kin. Those who do go look to the day when they will again walk the paths in their own land in better times.



Mountain migrants cross, or expect to cross, many kinds of bridges, the most difficult, perhaps, being social. The awesome sight of a great city is only a prelude to the awesome problems of trying to be accepted by it as a stranger.

Between 1950-60, 697,180 such strangers from mountain counties in Kentucky and West Virginia alone sought shelter, employment, education for their children, and social acceptance in what was, for them, the completely alien atmosphere of large Northern urban centers.

The Council has worked with the Ford Foundation in its Great Cities Program, developing understanding and attitudes among public school personnel and leaders in other urban agencies which will promote more successful assimilation of minority-status people from every source.

The Council's role of liaison agent between migrant and metropolis makes it, in a sense, another bridge—a bridge of understanding.

The mountains speak to the soul of man. And in the crowded cities where there is noise and concrete, tensions and wall-lined, congested corridors, the mountain man remembers. Yearningly he is drawn home to the cathedraled mountains where he can see and smell and touch his God's creations, wild and green and growing in a quiet land.

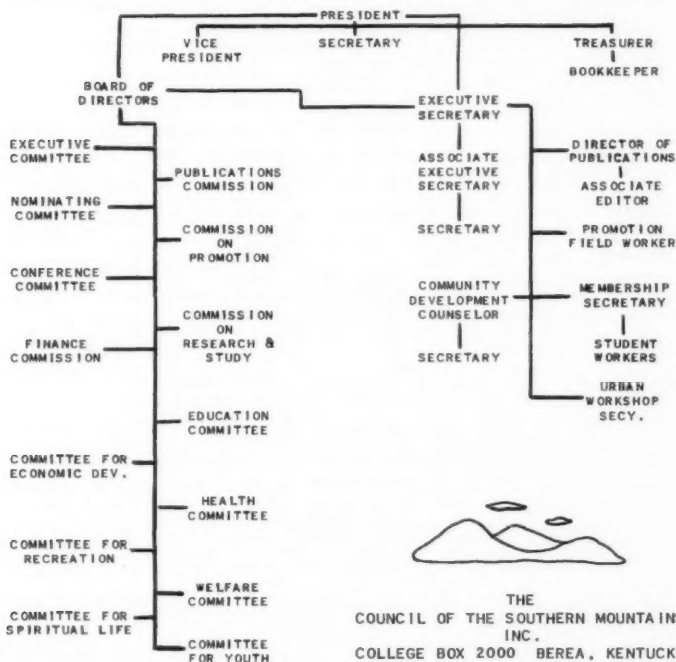
A
FEW
OF THE
AGENCIES
BUSINESSES
INSTITUTIONS
ORGANIZATIONS
WHOSE INTEREST
AND SUPPORT MAKE
POSSIBLE SO MANY
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THE UPJOHN COMPANY
UPLANDS SANATORIUM
WELFARE FEDERATION
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MIDDLESBORO DAILY NEWS
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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
METHODIST CHURCH, WOMEN'S DIV., BOARD OF MISSIONS
NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN THE U.S.A.



*This is a place of traditions uprooted; where the coves and hollows
echo the bugling of hounds that chase the ghosts of more sporting times;
where swinging bridges span the racing tides of spring and the dry creek
beds of summer; where morning mists rise above sulphuric blowholes in
the smouldering slag.*



ABOVE: COUNCIL STAFF, LESS PROMOTION FIELD WORKER; BELOW: COUNCIL STRUCTURE



THE
COUNCIL OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS
INC.
COLLEGE BOX 2000 BERA, KENTUCKY

This is a land of old, rich values, of painful transition—dignified in its suffering; patient in its need; questioning in its direction—but hopeful that those who try to help will learn as much as those they hope to reach.

BY PHYLLIS CONNOR

ACCOMPLISHED, BEING DONE, PLANNED FOR THE FUTURE

- A Study of Health Care Facilities in the Appalachian South published and widely distributed throughout the country, now superseded by a later study by the Southern Appalachian Studies group of which the Council is a member.*
- A study of immunization attitudes and cooperation—reviewed in Mountain Life & Work, issue #3, 1959.*
- Scholarships awarded for technical training in the field of health to those planning to serve in the area.*
- Health education program with full-time field worker and mobile exhibit with movies.*
- Dental and medical clinics established and supported through developmental periods.*
- Studies and initial contacts made in locating hospitals and in establishing mid-wifery services.*
- Multi-vitamin, mineral deficiency and other preparations distributed to needy children in cooperation with pharmaceutical companies and responsible and competent local contacts.*
- Statistical studies of education in this region made in response to specific and general questions.*
- Cooperation in programs of literacy education.*
- Workshops in the preparation of reading materials for adults with limited reading abilities.*
- Publication and distribution of simplified reading materials for adults with limited reading skills.*
- Seeks out and publishes the works of new and established writers in the mountains so that, through fiction, poetry and prose, they may help project a truer picture of mountain life to those outside the area.*
- Educational recruitment and scholarship aid for formal schooling.*
- Publication and distribution of lists of financial assistance to needy students.*
- Evaluation studies of specific educational, health, and other projects undertaken as a continuing responsibility.*
- Region-wide Annual Conference held, attended by 350-400 leaders who come to pool their concern and knowledge and to plan coordinated activities.*
- Conferences and workshops held, initiated, and co-sponsored by the Council in fields of health, education, religion, leadership training, and other major aspects of life in the mountain region.*
- Workshops on Urban Adjustment of Southern Appalachian Migrants.*
- Cooperation with city programs of follow-up to migration workshops.*
- Leadership in Ford Foundation Great Cities program in the public schools oriented toward the minority status groups of which our Southern Appalachian Migrants comprise a large portion.*
- Representatives sent to regional and national meetings dealing with problems common to the Appalachian South and the rest of the nation.*
- Mountain Life & Work, a quarterly magazine with circulation in 45 states and 5 foreign countries.*
- Newsletter sent to a wide mailing list.*
- Folk songs, folk tales, and other traditional materials published.*
- Approved and recommended recreational aids distributed.*
- Leadership training provided for community organization in recreation suited to local and individual need, co-sponsored by church, school and civic groups.*
- Close cooperation maintained with church efforts, including all interested denominations.*
- Field service by Community Resources Development Counselor.*

Land of Broken Bootstraps

A GENERAL ANALYSIS

by Milton Ogle



The Appalachian Region has been the subject of many and varied surveys, the subject and base for much discussion and the victim of more exploitation than any similar area in the country. Resources taken from above and beneath the earth have been shipped from the Region in a raw state, leaving within the Region the minimum amount of income which could accrue from the resources.

It has been pointed out that the Appalachians are twice as rural as the nation as a whole and that the agricultural production of two people in the Appalachians is required to compare with the national production average of one person. The Appalachian Region is a food and finished goods importing area and continues to be a raw material exporting area. The extractive industries now provide employment for only a fraction of the number of people they employed ten years ago. Much of the Region's forest land is covered with low-grade timber which has practically no sale value and occupies space which could be producing high-quality trees.

Many people who once prided themselves on being resourceful and independent have gradually become the victims of hand-out programs and makeshift remedies which had no such purpose, but which inadvertently brought this situation to pass. Across the nation, areas of unemployment have inspired political promises and stop-gap programs, all of which must be paid for in loss of self-respect by those who can only believe and accept. The region is constantly losing people—one and a half million in the past ten years—many of whom are not prepared to compete on the labor market for the type of jobs which are available.

The picture just painted is indeed a bleak one. Some have gone so far as to say that the Appalachians present a situation

which cannot be resolved within the Region itself; that only by mass exodus can the Region increase its per capita wealth. Some indicate that economic development efforts in the Appalachian Region are a "waste of time."

Of course we see that while a mass exodus, such as has taken place over the past ten years, may lessen the Appalachian Problem, it creates metropolitan employment problems at the other end of the migration trail. In addition to this, there are currently over 100 labor surplus areas in the nation, so the only choice of many mountain men is whether to be unemployed in the city or the country.

The unemployed mass in the Region is composed primarily of ex-coal miners, subsistence farmers and young men who discontinued their education at too early an age for it to have any great benefit in terms of their employability. The capabilities of these people are not in question, but their present lack of specialized training makes their labor unsalable on the current market. Many of these people would be considered too old to benefit from a vocational training or re-training program. The current problem cannot be solved simply by migration.

What, then, is the future of this area of 130,000 square miles and 10 million people? What programs are going forward in the Region which will allow the people to eat and at the same time retain their dignity and self-respect? What is the relationship of the experience and training which these people have had to the needs of the current labor market? Is anything happening which may mean jobs for the unemployed and under-employed people in the Appalachian Region? Let us examine very briefly some possible answers to these questions.

Many and varied programs are going forward and are being launched within the Region, and particularly in Eastern Kentucky, with the intent of improving the social and economic climate. Programs for flood control and highway construction are being pushed from many angles. In some areas, strip mining laws are beginning to be enforced in efforts to retain timber and tourism potentials. In Eastern Kentucky alone there are at least six public and private organizations working on some particular facet of community development.

In many areas, adult education and vocational education opportunities are being expanded, in addition to improvements in the public schools.

Asheville, North Carolina, has for the past ten years financed a community development program in eighteen counties of Appalachian North Carolina. West Virginia has a similar program in

eight counties surrounding Beckley. In both these areas agricultural incomes have grown very rapidly even though they are in very mountainous sections where agriculture has been termed unprofitable by virtue of being a subsistence occupation. In some areas, individual communities have initiated independent development programs. In all of these areas where total community development is taking place, the human growth which it stimulates is, in addition to the economic growth, of much significance.

The basic determinant in the social and economic growth and development of the Appalachian Region must be the human resource. Only in an area of community-conscious people will private capital invest; only in an area where a labor force has some conception of the relationship of its productiveness and the wages it should demand can industry operate. Briefly, private capital seeks out those areas where people are informed, where communities are progressive and where there is an opportunity for profits. Like the investor, the tourist is particular about the places he visits. The tourist desires a place where he can enjoy himself; where the facilities exist to make this possible. He enjoys a drive on a clean, green-bordered mountain road, but refuses to subject himself to the sight of junkyards and garbage dumps. The Appalachian Region has probably more potential for attracting tourists and vacationers than any single area in the eastern part of the country. It is surrounded by almost two-thirds of the nation's population. The employment and the income which come from the tourist industry are just as real as is industrial income.

It is of major importance that the people of the Appalachian Region begin to look at their communities objectively and critically, taking into consideration the impression which their communities make on visitors. There are many major roads in this area literally lined with junk cars, tin cans and discarded items of every



imaginable origin. In some sections, it is practically impossible to drive more than one mile without being subjected to the remnants of a wrecked car or a whole junkyard right at the edge of the pavement and, in some cases, dangerously close to the right-of-way. It does not take an act of Congress or even the state legislature to authorize communities to clean up. The people within the area itself hold the only force which can move effectively to eradicate evidences of mountain slums and restore mountain majesty.

Although there are significant and even great efforts being made in the Region to improve educational opportunities in the public schools, there are still school systems being operated on the inexperience of unqualified teachers and maintained at the status quo by parasitic politicians.

It must be realized on all levels of government and community life that an area cannot compete or produce people who can compete in modern society unless vision, forethought and cooperation are combined in efforts concerned with rebuilding communities and community pride. Communities cannot develop from efforts made wholly from the outside. The initiative must be taken at the local level but outside help can provide a very effective catalyst.

It is of great importance that physical and economic growth be promoted in such a way that they are accompanied by spiritual and intellectual growth. Unless this is the case, we may find ourselves transferring people from a subsistence existence on surplus commodities to a subsistence living on an industrial wage. We may find many of the inherently intelligent children void of any encouragement from their parents to develop their mental ability.

Community development in the Appalachian Region must be concerned with developing people to the extent that they can exercise choice in selecting their jobs and the location of their jobs whether they choose to migrate or continue to live in the mountains. Community development which builds people as well as buildings and facilities is a slow process, but it is this process which gives development real value and meaning. END

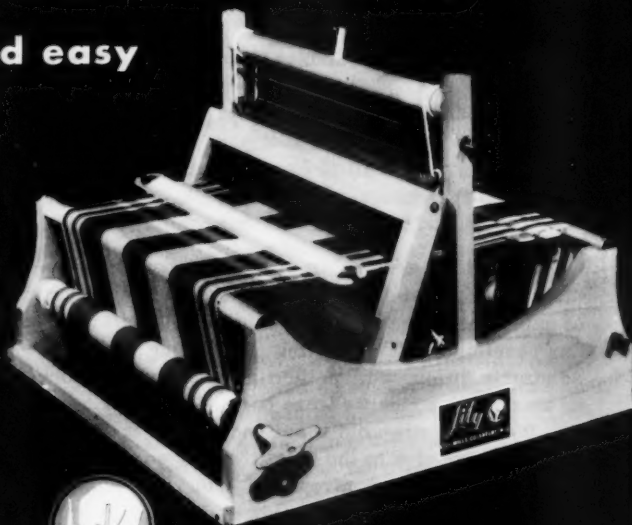


Ayer's Law No.1: "Mankind does not progress and develop at the rate—or to the extent—that its best educated and most competent leadership could lead, or believes it is leading. In the last analysis, mankind's development is controlled by the rate at which the great mass—even the least able—can and does follow."

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PERSPECTIVE

A zest for living marks Dr. Krinsky's writings, whether they deal with science, philosophy or religion (subjects on which he also lectures). Currently with the V.A. Hospital at Huntington, W. Va., he plans to retire soon. If he practices what he preaches in the following article, his retirement will be anything but a "withdrawing into seclusion."

It Is Earlier Than You Think!

by Joseph Krinsky, M.D., F.A.C.S.

How old is aged? We are old—superannuated—at any period of maturity when we have ceased to adjust to the everchanging panorama of existence; when we have become dull, deficient and apathetic in our reactions to this exciting, dismaying, defying, unstable world; so utterly different from the firmly anchored, conventionally grounded world into which we were born.

We have grown old if our mental and spiritual reflexes are no longer responsive to the tests that the world of new ideas, new verities, new realities confronts us with. We remain young even when our physical reflexes have slowed down, if mind and spirit are uplifted to widening horizons; we are still young so long as the heart beats to the rhythm of beauty and the rapture of song and story. It rests with us to keep our intellectual and esthetic reflexes alert and keen; to maintain our cerebral faculties resilient and receptive; to preserve them from atrophy, hardening and fixation. How?

By right nourishment (material and mental), right attentiveness, right use and exercise and, above all, right enjoyment. To keep young in our advancing years we must seek to retain and keep alive our enjoyment of humor, of friendship, of new scenes and new experiences, of the appreciation of new ventures and discoveries in science, in art, in all the cultural achievements of creative genius. These enjoyments are ours to share with all the generations of man. The world is never lost to the man or woman who is part of the "good audience"—the audience that sees, hears and shares in the magnificent drama of life.

How puny and petty our personal worries, anxieties and frustrations appear in the perspective of infinity and eternity! Live every day in such wise that boredom and idleness never dare intrude where the hours are spent in the company of the great masters and teachers of mankind who lead us (if we follow them) in the way of

calm content and grateful acceptance.

There are no tranquilizers to compare to good books, good music, good works and good worship. It is a tranquility that does not exact the price of next day's dejection which is the drug's aftermath. "For a man who lives in the midst of learning and achievement does not perceive when old age creeps upon him." To such a man, or woman, age holds no terrors of crabbiness, indifference, intolerance, or weariness of life.

Why are some men and women young at seventy while others, much younger in years, have lost their faith, their hope, their enthusiasm and exuberance for what lies ahead in life? They have ceased to see visions and they have not the memories to dream dreams. The physiologic changes, the natural alterations in organs and tissues, go on in one as in the other. And yet the chronologic age and the "personality age" are often very wide apart.

For some people aging is a slow, progressive march toward greater maturity of intellect and spirit. The joints may grow stiff, the muscles become lean, the bones brittle, the sinews inelastic, the arteries sclerotic, the nerves less nimble, but the reason, the imagination, the judgment, the sense of values may grow ripper and mellow with the years. Mental vision becomes clearer, sympathy broader, the understanding more profound and more adaptable to everflowing change.

There are vast reserves of mind which age can manage to utilize through keeping its brain mechanism free from the rust of disuse. We are all more or less interested in what we can get out of life. Not so many of us are primarily concerned with what we put into life—into the life beyond the self—the life of the community, the life of the social, civic and cultural group of which we are a part. What have we contributed to enhance its activities and potentialities for better and more fruitful living?

The environment in which we live and grow and attain old age is not static and changeless. We can alter it and transform it to our heart's desire. For that we need will and wisdom and a heart's desire that embraces all humanity and calls it brother.

The older we get, the longer we live in this our nuclear age, the more we must be prepared to adjust to circumstances, conditions, conventions and modes of thought that we have to live with or become fossilized. We must keep pace with new ideas, young ideas, in order that what is good and irreplaceable in the old may be saved and conserved. That is our task, our mission. We can perform it well only if we have grown along with the expanding world—a world that needs the wisdom of age to check and temper and direct the

impulses of youth. We need to cultivate flexibility.

The prolongation of life which science has achieved may be a blessing or a curse, depending on how the depredations of aging and senility on the human organs and tissues have been mitigated and controlled. Of what use or advantage is it to accumulate years beyond the climactic prime if those years are to be paid for by clouded minds and the senile decay of the highest faculties?

As our physical capacities decline there are other powers and potentialities available to us in the storehouse of man's culture to enable us to assimilate more abundantly the riches of intellectual and esthetic creation. The faculties that mark the thinking man respond to wise care and temperate exercise. They can function actively and fruitfully even though the physical forces of the body diminish with advancing years.

The frustration and depression, the dullness and hopelessness of senility is not natural, normal or necessary in the process of aging. Needless to say, a certain state of health and physical well-being is an essential constituent of this gracious old age which we must prepare for. Where the body is ravaged by disease or agonized by pain the mind cannot be clear, lucid and serene. The physical damage to the inconceivably delicate and sensitive brain cells by poor circulation or accumulated waste products in the blood stream are revealed in sluggish, turgid and distorted patterns of thought. Lapses of memory, loss of reasoning power, lessened interest in things, events and people, a withering away of the personality—all of these may be the effects of bodily damage and deterioration.

It need not happen if we but heed the counsel of medical science based on accumulated knowledge and experience in the fields of nutrition, bio-chemistry, psychosomatics and the conservation of mental health.

The tragic spectacle of superannuated decay may surely be averted by the integrated disciplines of medicine, philosophy and faith.

The use and enjoyment of leisure is an art that has to be cultivated consistently and affectionately before the latter years of life descend upon us. Most of us are so engrossed in our daily chores and occupations that we have little time or attention left to build up a reserve of absorbing interests for the years of retirement. Our diversions are mostly pastimes spent in front of radio, TV set or movie screen. These call for little effort on our part for active sharing in creative and imaginative expression.

Such forms of entertainment have their place and play their

role in helping to relieve us of accumulated tension and stress. But by and large they leave with us little enrichment of mind and spirit—with some exceptions, to be sure. Chiefly they while away those hours of tedium and boredom which an increasing leisure has thrust upon us. We need more of the interplay of minds—the give and take—with congenial companions who read widely and think seriously and who have not lost the youthful zest for knowledge and for the examination of ideas.

All the arts of man's genius are at our disposal if we keep our eyes and ears and minds attuned and well-tuned to the great masterpieces of all the ages from the classics of the past to the noteworthy writings, compositions and productions of the present day. The essential element that we can contribute is interest—a vital interest in and a concern with the things of beauty and truth. That and a sense of the value of time in terms of what we can still accomplish with the diminishing reserves of years in our account.

The question of health is always of paramount importance, particularly in the sunset years. That a sound mind needs a sound body to dwell in is a truism applicable to all the seven ages of man. Naturally "soundness" is a relative term. Age lacks youth's speed of limb or acuteness of the physical senses. The soundness of age is not so much a matter of wind and agility as of insight, wisdom, discernment and discrimination built on a foundation of experience, observation and reflection.

It is thus that the older generation may command the respect and esteem of the young. It is thus that society may save millions of its senior citizens, the oversixties and overseventies, from the discard of emptiness, uselessness and dull inertia. We oldsters must never stop learning (nor should the young either) in order that we may play well and effectively our natural role of guides and advisers to the young. This is what can make the years of retirement the best of life for which all the preceding years had been an education and a preparation.

To be concerned with the life about us in all its human and universal aspects is to be truly and agelessly alive. END



WANTED! Librarian and bookmobile driver, and/or teacher and librarian. Write Mr. Arthur Russell, Red Bird Mission, Beverly, Kentucky.

VIGNETTE

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNT WAS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE JANUARY, 1936 ISSUE OF MOUNTAIN LIFE & WORK. CREDIT FOR IT WAS GIVEN TO MACK ADAMS WHO WAS LISTED IN THE ACKNOWLEDGMENTS SIMPLY AS "AN UNEMPLOYED MINER." WE FEEL HE WAS MUCH MORE THAN THIS. HE WAS PERCEPTIVE, SENSITIVE, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND CERTAINLY A WRITER. WE KNOW NOTHING OF HIS BACKGROUND OR HIS LOCATION. IF YOU KNOW OF HIM, OR LAME SHOAT GAP, DARK HOLLOW, RAZOR BACK OR GREASY GAP, PLEASE NOTIFY THIS MAGAZINE.

MR. ADAMS MUST HAVE HAD MUCH MORE TO SAY AND WE WOULD LIKE TO BRING IT TO OUR READERS.

THOUGHTS OF A KENTUCKY MINER

Lame Shoat Gap looks like an old house sunk upside down in the mountain. Smears of dawn daub the east, filter through murky fog, and rest above Dark Hollow. Scrub oak bushes are silhouettes on the rock cliffs; look like corn shucks full of sausages hanging from the rafters. Everything is quiet, like a farm before roosters start crowing.

Down below Dark Hollow lies snoring. Huge folds of dusk wrap her up in black blankets. Here and there lights flicker out from a miner's shack, like spikes of gold half hammered into the dark. Dark Hollow's where we live. It's just like the name. Darkness loves that hollow; comes early and stays late.

We slope downward on the other side of Lame Shoat, trudge along to the creek trace; then start up Razor Back to Greasy Gap and down to the mines. Brown beech leaves carpet the dirt. They hide rocks and dead limbs. We stumble. The leaves rustle apart and back together like ripples on a mill pond. Withered beech limbs claw at our faces. They slap and sting with the sharp December morning. Carbide lights sputter. A sudden breeze snatches the blaze and is gone.

We are six brothers, all six feet. Never been to school. We just know the strength of six feet of muscles. Our shoulders are bent, hunched forward as if trying to fend a blow. When we walk our long arms dangle down 'most to the knee. We are not as good to look at as we used to be. We mine coal. Miles back into the bowels of the mountain we burrow, like a wild animal clawing its hole for hibernation. Our days are lived in the dark, bent in a strained crouch like you've seen a football team before the kickoff. Our heads set well back between the shoulders; necks bent sort of like a goose-necked hoe. That makes a large Adam's apple. Our eyes

curve upward as if we study the weather. The mine is full of treacherous horse-backs—slate flakes that drop without warning. They leave a hole the shape of a horse's back, and crush whatever they fall on. We're always looking upward.

We are sleepy. Getting up at three o'clock every morning, tramping over Lame Shoat to the mines, is tough. Even for muscles like seasoned hickory, warped in the sun. We've done this since we were big enough to lift a chunk of black coal.

We are a solemn group. Never know what to expect next. Maybe a gas explosion. Maybe a horse-back. One brother is minus an arm. A horse-back got him. Knocked his carbide light out. He was working in an isolated room. For half a day he lay there in the dark with half a ton of slate rock crushing his arm. We missed him at night and went a-looking. His arm was ground up in a bloody mess. We managed to drag him out to the drift mouth. The doctor was gone. The arm stayed that way 'till next day. But he loads ten tons of black coal now. He loads ten tons with the one long arm.

Mostly we stumble on toward the mines in silence. Now and then a limb slaps back. One curses. Another grunts. His foot plunges into a hole. A round rock turns an ankle. One falls and grabs with his hands. We slide down bluffs, catch slim hickory saplings to hold us back. Dark traces across the mountains, worn by stumbling feet. Dark entry, jet as the coal that lines its sides. Hard black coal down in the ruts of the earth. Bodies as black as that coal. Lungs the color of mashed poke berries. We breathe black air. We spit black spit. Our lives are dark. Our minds are cramped.

Occasionally there are scant snatches of conversation. Mostly it's about our conditions, our kids. Down there in Dark Hollow where we never see daylight except on Sundays, where blackness likes to hover like a smothering cloud, shut out from the light of decent learning, our kids are struggling to grow up.

But this is America! We are part of her. Our fathers hewed the wilderness and fought the Revolution. Our fathers were dangerous men. They believed in right. They took their guns and went barefooted with Washington. They made a revolution. And there may come a time when we are dangerous men, even the one-armed brother. For every day we look and say: "God, must our children follow our stumbling feet! Is there no sunshine of new life, of intelligent learning, ideas that will penetrate even the dismal depths of Dark Hollow?"

Our kids, they're all that matter now. END

RECREATION



The Appalachian Trail

The Rev. A. Rufus Morgan



"A Mountain Footpath" is the descriptive name given to the Appalachian Trail, which follows the ridges of the eastern mountain chain for more than 2,000 miles from Maine to Georgia.

There is available to us, by means of this trail, a wilderness section which enables us to escape from the noise and speed and unrest and "bumper-to-bumper" travel of our modern life. There is the "call of the wild" in each of us, and our lives are not complete until in some way we respond to that call.

But most of those whose increasing leisure permits them to visit our parks and other recreational areas are unaware of the opportunities of becoming acquainted with and observing the beauties and grandeurs of the world which God has created.

If we will take our map of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park, or many of the road maps of the Southeastern U. S., we may discover a line indicating the Appalachian Trail. By a little study we can discover the possible approaches by automobile. We can also determine the approximate distance along the trail to the next road crossing. The next step may wisely be to select a section short enough that we can cover it comfortably within a day. One such section eight and one-tenth miles long looks down on my valley of the Cartoogechaye. It extends from Wallace Gap (on highway 64) to Wayah Gap. A party with two cars, wishing to make the trip, can leave one car at each Gap in order to have transportation at the close

of the day. Transportation need not be a problem. In any case, neighbors are glad to help out if only one car is available.

For those who wish to take longer hikes there are shelters, with drinking water, at convenient distances. A sleeping bag, extra socks, poncho, flash light, warm jacket or sweater, small axe, candle stubs (to help start fires in wet weather), and food for the trip are the main essentials. Other items may be added, such as camera, flower book, etc. But it is all too easy for beginners to overload. A heavy pack can reduce the joy of the trail.

The side trails are worth exploring, and sometimes convenient. There are many of these in the Smokies. The best known is perhaps The Boulevard Trail to Mount LeConte, which leaves the Appalachian Trail two and one-half miles north of Newfound Gap. In the Nantahalas there are several trails leaving from White Oak Bottoms, or from the gravel road up the river, to various points on the Appalachian Trail. Here the Nantahala Mountains, and therefore the Appalachian Trail, trace a semi-circle around the headwaters of the Nantahala River, with White Oak Bottoms as the center. The side trails from this camp ground (3 shelters) radiate to the Appalachian Trail. Thus, one may go by one trail to the Appalachian Trail, hike along it as far as desired, then return by another trail.

Some hikers, of course, are interested enough, hardened enough, and have enough time to take camping trips of several days over longer sections of the Appalachian Trail. One of the most inspiring sections, and the highest of the whole trail, can be covered comfortably within a week. It would start at Mount Sterling Gap on a spur ridge at the Northern end of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. A day's hike (approximately 15 miles), with unsurpassed views, leads to Tri-Corner Knob shelter on the Appalachian Trail. From that point the Appalachian Trail leads over rugged country, south, through Newfound Gap, over Clingman's Dome (highest point on the Appalachian Trail), Siler's Bald, Thunderhead to Fontana Village. If one prefers, he can start on the Trail at Davenport Gap. But personally, I think there is not anywhere a more challenging wilderness view than that from the Mount Sterling section.

A word of warning should be given for summer hiking in this section. At night keep your food safe from bear. They will not hurt you, but they are always hungry. And watch for rattlesnakes. There are very few at the higher altitudes. By watching for them you do not need to worry. If they think they are in danger by too close proximity they may strike. They never chase you.

Be alert for junco nests on the banks of the Trail. Juncos nest at this altitude. Grouse will announce their presence, giving thanks

for the protection furnished by the Park. You should see and hear ravens, especially around Siller's Bald and Thunder Head. In this section too, note the disappearance of red spruce and balsam forests. This is their southern limit.

This southern end of the Appalachian Trail is the highest and the most rugged (except for Maine) of the whole 2,000 miles. More of us should take advantage of the breath-taking grandeur of our diminishing wilderness area.

Each season has its advantages for hiking. Hiking in the snow is slower but the winter beauties more than compensate for that: the evergreens of hemlock, laurel and rhododendron; the shining birches; the clear streams, rock cliffs, and distant views which are hidden by summer growth. Each spring and summer and fall has its rewards: bluets, showy orchids, trillium in spring; azaleas, laurel, rhododendron in summer; the glorious colors in October. And always the ferns!

Can anyone, as Justice William O. Douglas suggests, live and develop a full, rich life without intimate contact with the great beauties of the creation which man has not yet spoiled!

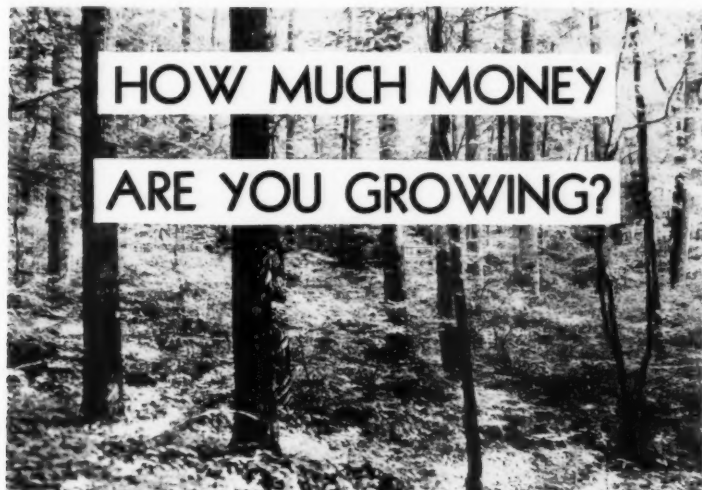
Let's use the "Mountain Footpath," the Appalachian Trail. A detailed description of the southern section of the Trail is available in the new edition of "Guide to the Appalachian Trail in the Southern Appalachians" (Publication No. 8), through the Appalachian Trail Conference, 1916 Sunderland Place, N. W., Washington 6, D. C. (\$3.75 a copy). END



One of the organizers of the original Conference of the Southern Mountain Workers, Rufus Morgan hasn't missed an annual Conference since 1913. Born in Macon County, North Carolina, he has spent his life among the mountains he loves. He was responsible for the organization of the Nantahala Area Girl Scout Council, and for his work with the Smoky Mountain District of the Daniel Boone Council of Boy Scouts was awarded the Silver Beaver. He maintains a section of the Appalachian Trail in his district, and is an authority on flowers, trees, and birds. A full account on him appeared in the 1953 Winter issue of *Mountain Life & Work*.



CONSERVATION



Harry Nadler

ASSOCIATE DIRECTOR, DIVISION OF FORESTRY, DEPT. OF CONSERVATION
KENTUCKY

Geologists tell us that except for nature's capricious mood many millions of years ago, Eastern Kentucky might be an agricultural paradise today. But even in this mood nature did create an awe-inspiring landscape of rugged mountainous terrain with seams of coal, caverns of natural gas and oil, and timber on the surface. Erosion caused by water and other forces produced the steep ridges and mountains, and the narrow v-shaped valleys so common in Eastern Kentucky. The resulting topography after nature's convulsions and eruptions subsided, hardly made the area amenable to agriculture except on a subsistence basis but it did produce some of the finest hardwood timbered areas in the nation, if not on the continent. Thus did nature present to Kentucky a wealth of natural resources.

With the birth of civilization and its subsequent progress down through the ages and its eventual arrival in America and Kentucky, there came a period of great exploitation of the natural resources in the name of this same civilization. The deeply inbedded minerals were lifted to provide comfort to man; and the once magnificent forests of white oak, yellow poplar, black walnut, white ash, etc., were reduced in order to furnish additional comfort and luxurious living to people. Revenue poured out from Eastern Kentucky because

the rich raw material that nature provided was squandered and nothing was returned to the land; but nature even in capricious mood has her ways of repairing damage that is caused by the sharp axes and saws produced and used by man in his quest for quick riches.

So over the many decades that have seen the landscape undergo change in Eastern Kentucky, the forests have reproduced themselves, but not abundantly. In quality, however, they still dominate the scene and will continue to exert their influence on the area; this in spite of the exhaustion of minerals in many areas in Eastern Kentucky. Timber is back in its place of importance in the economy of the community. While timber was temporarily delegated to a minor role when coal was at its peak, it is now receiving its deserved recognition as a renewable resource. There are no excuses or reasons for not developing and utilizing what is now standing on the slopes, the crests, and in the valleys of Eastern Kentucky. There is a rich crop to be harvested, and after harvest it will renew itself if protection and good management are provided.

The indigent wood-using industries today need to cooperate closer; they need a correlation of their requirements. The so-called waste produced at a sawmill today can be utilized by other industries in Kentucky. The sawmill in one county can supply the industry in an adjacent county. Lumber imports from other states can be minimized. Utilization of homegrown wood can well sustain many forest products industries in Kentucky. Today there is no waste wood in our forests. Every species of tree plays an important role industrially, and esthetically as well. Every plant has its use.

Kentucky has taken long strides in developing a program toward making more and better service available to woodland owners. In July, 1960, the Kentucky Division of Forestry added 16 technically trained foresters to its staff of service foresters. And again in July, 1961, an additional 11 foresters will be added. Thus Kentucky woodland owners will have available soon after July 1st the services of the Division's 40 technically trained field foresters, eight administrative field foresters, and eight staff foresters to assist and guide them in the management of their woodlands. A well-managed business enterprise produces good income and, by the same token, a well-managed woodland will produce regular income to the owner.

Much of this great expansion of technical forestry services may be attributed to the state's new tax structure which became effective July 1, 1960. Increased allotments to the Division of Forestry budget made possible the employment of additional foresters and thus the expanded services.

The Division of Forestry in the Department of Conservation

provides a forestry program designed particularly to offer assistance in forest management to Kentucky's woodland owners, and also to the sawmill operator and the wood-using industries. This part of the program is known as the Cooperative Forest Management Program and affords the timber owner the opportunity of finding out what should be done to improve his woodland, and how to sustain its growth and production. It includes timber marking



THE DIVISION'S FORESTER ASSISTS THE FARMER IN TIMBER MANAGEMENT.

assistance if the forester's examination results in recommendations for making a harvest cut, and offers guidance and instructions in tree planting, timber stand improvement work, and all related problems involved in improving the woodland.

Other assistance is provided Kentucky's woodland owners through the Division of Forestry's broad forest management program. Marketing and Utilization, Forest Pest Control, Watershed Management, State Forests and Reforestation offer a well rounded program of assistance.

The farmer and the woodland owner, the processor—the sawmill operator—and the industry that uses the products from the forests of Eastern Kentucky, must recognize the potential in the "Good Earth that gives forth the seed that falls from the bloom."

They must recognize that raw materials are a nation's lifeblood, and that man must make intelligent use of these resources. There must be no hesitancy and no underrating of one's own ability to cope with the situation now prevailing in our Eastern Kentucky mountains. The human resources are there to work with the natural resources of the area. There is much skill; more determination is needed to put these skills to use for the common good as well as the individual good. The wealth that has been removed can be pumped back into the area proportionately and made to produce even more wealth as expressed not only in dollars and cents but also in human dignity and self-respect. **END**



COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT

DRAMA



BEHIND THE DRAMA

by Robert F. Connor

In 1958 the area around Pineville, in Bell County, Kentucky, was feeling the impact of automation in the coal mines. Its economy was declining, its unemployment increasing, its potential for new industry unpromising, its future uncertain. Towering over Pineville itself was Pine Mountain State Park with its unique chained rock, its natural amphitheatre, home of the famous annual Mountain Laurel Festival, with its views of scenery that typify the best in mountain grandeur. Such an attraction, it would seem, could do much to alleviate the area's financial problems. But while Pine Mountain's

attractions more than satisfied those who sampled them in passing through the region, the return in tourist dollars was not enough even to stabilize the declining economy. The yearly pilgrimage, by tourists from everywhere, to the Mountain Laurel Festival was a gala event, widely publicized and consistently popular. But its duration of three days (May 25, 26, 27 this year) was comparatively brief; its dollars and cents value to the thirsting community was only a sip.

Then came "The Book of Job," an inspiring outdoor drama, fresh from its triumphs at the 1958 Brussels Fair and its tour of



Bright, mosaic-like costumes and a time-consuming "living mask" makeup to match, provides a unique eye-appeal and is one of the unforgettable aspects of a drama which by virtue of its strangely beautiful setting alone, is a memorable experience.

England. This creation of Orlin and Irene Corey, of Georgetown College in Kentucky, represented more than a visual, musical and spiritual experience to the people of Pineville. It promised a sustained income of desperately needed tourist dollars from June to September. Its presence in the area would eventually merit the building of motels and restaurants and the expenditure of time and money on community beautification.

Although the first season of "The Book of Job" was highly successful, the job of educating communities of the area as to the value of the travel industry had to be undertaken before the drama was voted in for a second run. By now it was well publicized through

highway advertising, extensive promotion (including being featured in Life Magazine) and, of course, word-of-mouth recommendation, and had no difficulty achieving a second successful season.

Preston Slusher, general manager of the drama, and a local physician, Dr. Pronko, who is as strongly concerned over the economic health of the community as he is over the physical health of its inhabitants, felt that if they did a selling job not just to travelers but to the people of the surrounding territory, they might allay, for good, all the doubts which clouded the future of this community asset. Their selling campaign to the area business leaders was based on research in depth, and the time and effort it cost them was well worth it; "The Book of Job" is now recognized as a positive force which the Pineville citizens and their neighbors believe in. They have adopted it. Their judgment would seem substantiated in view of the fact that the cast has been invited to appear on the Dave Garroway TODAY show on television.

Community and area development in the mountains of the Appalachian South is becoming an increasingly important factor, especially in those areas which are affected by a declining coal economy. It is fortunate that these areas have much to offer the traveling public which previously shunned them due to the nature of the roads and the fact that the coal industry dominated the activities and attitudes of the local people. Road improvement is one of the prime considerations in area development, and with the attention it is now getting it is time for withering mountain communities to appraise their assets with the phenomenal growth of the travel industry in mind. They should also appraise their own cooperative abilities. Most community ventures, such as that at Pineville, can look back on the beginnings of their success and find a record of untiring effort, enthusiasm, conviction, and determination on the part of a few perceptive civic leaders who sought outside help and advice such as the Council provides through its Community Development Counselor, as well as state agency representatives who are willing and able to assist in such ventures. Every community has some men with leadership and imagination. No community can afford to do less than to work with and for them to realize ultimately its maximum potential. END

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*For some time the Council Office has had to refuse requests for the scarce Autumn 1954 issue of Mountain Life & Work—the Olive Dame Campbell Memorial issue. We now have a few copies available which will be mailed for 35¢ each.*

## COMING EVENTS

June 4 - 17

Crafts Workshop: woodcarving, woodworking, weaving. Write to Georg Bidstrup, Director, John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, North Carolina.

June 12 - 15

Highlander Folk School Workshop: "The Lonely Man in the Gray Flannel Suit." Write in care of the school, Monteagle, Tennessee.

June 12 - July 18

Craft Workshops. Write: Craft Workshop, Pi Beta Phi Settlement School, Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

June 18 - 23

Workshop: "Voting and Registration" at Highlander Folk School, Monteagle, Tennessee.

June 18 - 24

Recreation: American squares and contras, English and Danish country dancing, folk singing, etc. Puppetry. Write Georg Bidstrup at the John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, North Carolina.

June 22 - August 6

Transylvania Music Camp (weekend concerts open to the public). Write Mrs. Gwendolyn L. Avent, Exec. Sec'y., Brevard Music Center, Brevard, North Carolina.

June 24

"Singing On The Mountain," Grandfather Mountain, Linville, N. C.

June 25 - 30

Recorder Workshop. Write Georg Bidstrup, John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, North Carolina.

July 9

Grandfather Mountain Highland Games and Scottish Clans Gathering, Linville, North Carolina.

July 17 - 21

Southern Highland Handicraft Guild Craftsman's Fair. Asheville, North Carolina.

August 1 - 15

Virginia Highlands Festival of Arts. Abingdon, Virginia.

August 6 - 19

Morning classes in woodcarving and woodworking. Afternoons free for hiking, swimming, trips. Evenings: folk dancing, singing and picnics. Write Georg Bidstrup, John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, North Carolina.

August 6 - 27

Festival Concert Series. Write Mrs. Gwendolyn L. Avent, Exec. Sec'y, Brevard Music Center, Brevard, North Carolina.

August 13 - 18

Workshop in Community Leadership. Highlander Folk School, Monteagle, Tennessee

August 20 - 27

Southern Christian Leadership Conference Retreat. Highlander Folk School, Monteagle, Tennessee.

August 30 - September 4

Workshop: Sing for Freedom. Highlander Folk School, Monteagle

Sept. 6 - 10

Fall Fun Fest. Fontana Village Resort, Fontana Dam, North Carolina

# COUNCIL EMPLOYMENT SERVICE

## POSITIONS AVAILABLE

### LIBRARIAN

Qualified for Kentucky certification for high school library. Basic salary \$3,420 for B.S. or A.B.; additional pay for extra degrees or work beyond B.S. Board and room may be had for extra-curricular services. Apply Miss Alice H. Slone, Dir., Lotts Creek Community School, Inc., Cordia, Box 265, Route 2, Hazard, Ky.

### LATIN & FOREIGN LANGUAGES TEACHER

Same basic salary as above with additional pay for experience and additional college work. Apply Miss Alice H. Slone, Dir., Lotts Creek Community School, Inc., Cordia, Box 265, Route 2, Hazard, Kentucky.

### MUSIC AND ART TEACHER

Is there a family with a music teacher and an art teacher in it? Buckhorn needs both; A.B. qualified for Ky. certificate: \$3,900 with additional pay for experience. M.A. \$4,250 plus additional for experience. Housing may be arranged. Write to Mr. Fred W. Johnson, Principal of Buckhorn Schools, Buckhorn, Kentucky.

### GIRL SCOUT DIRECTOR

Must be college graduate, preferably in social sciences, with experience in youth work. Write to Mrs. Shirley Hughes, Sandy Valley Girl Scout Council, located at Prestonsburg, Kentucky

### FULL-TIME SECRETARY

Write Miss Sarah Gertrude Knott, Dir., National Folk Festival Association, 2310 Ashmead Place, N.W., Washington 9, D.C.

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## POSITIONS WANTED

### TEACHER

Librarian, teacher with Ky. certificate, would like to return to Appalachian Region to teach. Write to Miss Elizabeth Simpson, 3409 Middleton, Cinti. 20, Ohio

### SUMMER EMPLOYMENT

Experienced in workcamps, and settlement house work as arts and crafts teacher. Write Miss Mimi Bedford, at 55 Bank Street, New York 14, New York.

### SPECIAL WORK

Student of Community Planning, has studied art, industrial design; B.A. in American Civilization, desires work in areas in the South where his particular interests might be useful. For further information, write to David V. Kerman, 1422 Nelson Ave. Bronx 52, New York.

## OPPORTUNITY

### FOR SALE

Beautiful 48 inch Swedish floor loom of walnut, cherry, maple, mahogany and other hardwoods. Finished except for harnesses and reed. Sanded by hand and oil rubbed. Write Dr. George Noss, Berea College Box 1237, Berea, Kentucky.



## SUMMER OUTDOOR DRAMAS

- |                 |    |                                           |
|-----------------|----|-------------------------------------------|
| June 22 - Sept. | 4  | THE BOOK OF JOB - Pineville, Kentucky     |
| June 23 - Sept. | 4  | THE STEPHEN FOSTER STORY - Bardstown, Ky. |
| June 27 - Sept. | 3  | UNTO THESE HILLS - Cherokee, N. Carolina  |
| July 1 - Aug.   | 26 | HORN IN THE WEST - Boone, N. Carolina     |
| July 1 - Sept.  | 3  | THE LOST COLONY - Manteo, N. Carolina     |

## MOUNTAIN DOORYARDS

by

*Dora Read Goodale*

"... 'folk' poet in the sense that she was able to attune her ear to the natural poetry inherent in Southern Mountain speech and to record it in authentic spirit and detail, capturing the mountain spirit in its purest essence." *Mary Rogers' drawings add the final fillip.*

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*The Council of the Southern Mountains, Inc.  
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*Folktales from the Southern Mountains collected by*

*- Leonard Roberts -*

*Tales and riddles to delight young and old alike.*

*Illustrated by Mary Rogers*

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February 20-24, 1962  
Mountain View Hotel - Gatlinburg, Tenn.





THE COUNCIL OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS, INC., works to share the best traditions and human resources of the Appalachian South with the rest of the nation. It also seeks to help meet some of the social, educational, spiritual, and cultural needs peculiar to this mountain territory. It works through and with the schools, churches, medical centers and other institutions, and by means of sincere and able individuals both in and outside the area.

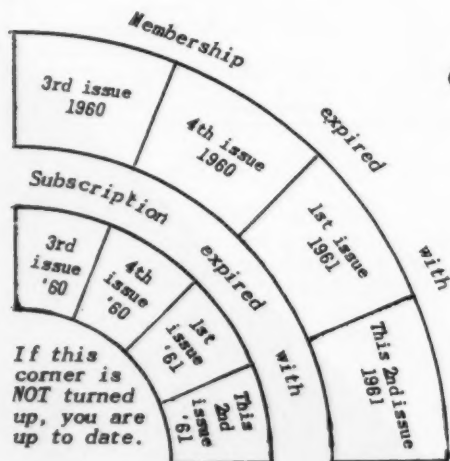
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